

The Rockaria

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The Rockaria

by [TigerPrawn](#)

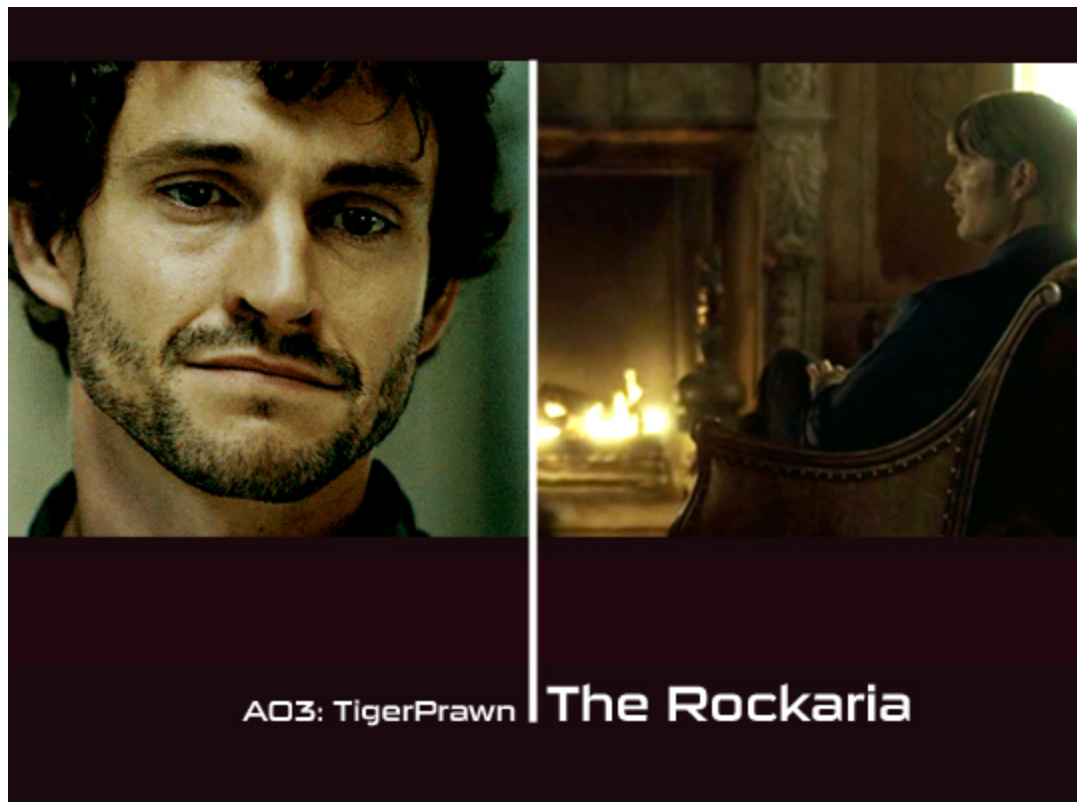
Summary

Will still finds it hard to allow himself to enjoy the domestically blissful life they have carved out for themselves. Sometimes he needs grounding and reassurance from the love of his life.

Or. The fic I wrote because I was listening to a lot of ELO and the idea wouldn't quit my brain!

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)



The warmth of the fire made their little cabin seem homely to Will.

It wasn't that it was uncomfortable in anyway, more that it was attuned to Hannibal's taste rather than his own. Which made sense, he'd likely bought the place years before he even met Will. It had a similar feel to the Doctor's Baltimore home - a mix of modern comforts alongside art that could pass for heirlooms. It was pleasant.

It was all mod cons and drama, especially the mood lighting. It was very Hannibal.

Concessions had been immediately made - a little desk by the living room window with good light, setup for making lures. A happy coincidence at least that a river cut across the land. Books started appearing every time he mentioned an interest, and his preferred beverages had been stocked.

It was clear Hannibal was making an effort to include him in the cabin.

But for the most part Will didn't care, didn't even think about it other than on a practical level - like the need to set up a mudroom for his waders and such. It wasn't like he missed his old place, he didn't really get attached to property and this cabin had pretty much been custom built from what he could tell. So whilst there were little things here and there that could be tinkered with, the floorboards didn't creak and there wasn't that draft from the chimney his old one suffered with since he'd had to have it rebuilt...

Stumbling into the past brought him from his thoughts, it was never a good thing for him to dwell. There was no changing the past, and regardless of all and everything that had happened - good and bad (mostly bad) - it had brought them to this point.

And this point was, strangely, domestic bliss.

Maybe that was another reason the cabin was starting to feel more homely. Between the comfortable rhythm of life they'd fallen into and the wintery warmth brought by the fire - and in Will's opinion, way too many throw rugs - it was definitely growing in homeliness.

For a moment Will's thoughts strayed to his childhood, to never having had much of a homely home then - motherless and relocated often by a distant father. Thoughts blipped briefly to Hannibal's childhood in an orphanage before he dragged himself back to the present.

"Hannibal, let me help. I just feel like a spare part." Will grumbled as he entered the kitchen. What he meant was, too much time alone with his own thoughts when he was already in a near melancholic mood.

Hannibal turned and quirked a brow at him, before the harsh angle melted into something more gentle. God, the man knew him so well it hurt. He could see exactly what was happening in Will's head and why he needed distraction.

"Maybe some music for after dinner?" Hannibal suggested, before going back to the chopping board. Subtle, of course. A gentle push, not a shove, towards something else Will could distract himself with instead of his memories.

Will nodded mutely, still trying to rein in his thoughts, as he went to the CD player in the rustic little sitting room that enjoyed the fireplace.

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It had taken a while to decide on the music.

At first he had browsed through the collection that had been there when they arrived. Hannibal's. He wondered if he had the exact same CDs back in Baltimore.

There was a lot of classical music, some opera. It was, again, all very dramatic. There were a spattering of CDs from the world music section, mostly Eastern Europe. Will couldn't be sure how much it really said about Hannibal.

His person suit was so meticulously crafted that even Will had trouble sometimes knowing what was really Hannibal and what was for show. Sometimes a thing was both, sometimes he could only work it out when Hannibal was covered in blood, or naked, or both.

Will let the CDs rest back in their tidy little drawer and went out to his car. There was a biting chill to the wind and a grey sky that threatened snow, making the cabin seem all the more picturesque. He quickly grabbed his own meagre collection from the glove compartment and returned to the cabin to flick through them.

If Hannibal was curious as Will passed the kitchen there and back, he made no outward sign of it. Likely just happy that Will was now occupied and not getting mired in his untasty thoughts.

The first two CDs he was unsure why he even owned, the third was Bowie. The fourth...

It brought a smile to his lips. A little ache in his cheek from the motion, where Dolarhyde had stabbed him, indicated that it had been a while since he'd last smiled. Hannibal would have noticed of course, and never pushed.

Damn, had he been down for days? He hadn't even realised.

He shook the thought and removed the CD from its case, incredibly curious as to what Hannibal's reaction would be.

*

Plates cleared, Will joined Hannibal on the small settee next to the fire - a little nook they had found themselves snuggling in more and more since the nights had drawn shorter.

He picked up the remote from the low table next to them as he settled beside Hannibal and felt a comforting, but not forceful, arm wrap around his shoulders. An invitation to fall into an embrace, should he choose to lean into it.

For now he remained mostly upright as he skipped to the song he wanted and pressed play.

The orchestra started up at the same moment as the singer, her aria filling the room for a few moments. He heard Hannibal make an appreciative, but curious hum - enjoying but not recognising the selection it would seem.

And then the rock and roll band started in and Jeff Lynne began to sing.

Hannibal seemed stunned to silence until -

She's sweet on Wagner

I think she'd die for Beethoven

She loves the way Puccini lays down a tune

And Verdi's always creeping from her room

He let out another hum, this time most definitely curiosity, and Will knew without looking that he had raised a brow.

Will couldn't help a smile as Hannibal, unconsciously it seemed, started to tap out the song's rhythm on his arm. At that Will found himself melting into Hannibal's offered embrace. More than, in fact, as he turned enough so that he ended up laying in Hannibal's lap looking up at the man as he smiled down at him.

As the song began to near its end, Will lowered the volume to something only just audible as background noise before setting the remote down.

Hannibal gazed down at him, a smile playing over his lips as he moved a hand to toy with Will's curls. Something he seemed to enjoy - they both did. Will had never been especially tactile before Hannibal, but the man craved touch and Will began to welcome it very quickly.

The lightest of touches here and there as they passed each other during the day, maybe a brush of lips. All of it was a reminder of their need for each other - their connection. But times like this where they could lose themselves to touch, were wonderful.

Will let his eyes close as Hannibal's hand ran gently through his hair.

"An interesting music choice Will, I wonder if you meant anything by it?" Hannibal's voice was that dark, low purr that it often became when they were close like this.

Will opened his eyes, "Not that I'm aware of," his mouth twitched into a grin. "But please do enlighten me Doctor, it has been a whole day and a half since you last psychoanalyzed me."

Hannibal made a tssking sound at Will's massive exaggeration, changing the direction of his fingers away from Will's sensitive nape seemingly as punishment.

"You rarely listen to your music. Only when you are out driving." Hannibal observed. "I wonder if you felt it didn't belong indoors and now you are asserting its' presence. Placatingly almost, by playing something you think I might enjoy or..." Hannibal trailed off, considering and never breaking eye contact for a moment. "Or, as provocation. Did you think I would find the choice distasteful?"

Will let out a chuckle and shook his head, enjoying the movement against Hannibal's fingers. "Wow Hannibal, do you really think I put that much thought into just pressing play on a CD?"

Hannibal raised both brows, more for dramatic effect than any actual shock, "That's exactly what I think, Will."

There was something dark and thick in his growl, as though his voice was a deep pit of tar waiting to drag Will under. It was a claim to knowing him better than anyone, seeing him in a way no one else could.

And of course he was so absolutely correct.

Will let out a shuddering breath, unable to look away from Hannibal's challenging eyes. Instead his own hand moved swiftly up to Hannibal's neck, and drew him down into a hard kiss.

It was Hannibal that softened it, drawing back just a fraction before leaning in for more - a soft kiss, he sucked Will's upper lip into his mouth and Will opened to him. Their tongues sought each other then as Hannibal's arms wrapped around Will - half leaning over him, half pulling him up so that he cradled him against the arm of the settee.

They were both breathless when Hannibal drew back and looked at him intently.

"You belong here, Will. Anything you want in this cabin, anything you don't want I will discard." Hannibal's words were firm, passionate.

There was quiet for a moment before Will let out a light laugh, stroking a hand over Hannibal's cheek, feeling the rough stubble there. He let out a breath as Hannibal's

determined features softened under his touch. Intensity seeping away.

“It’s just music.” Will smiled, shaking his head slightly. But he didn’t mean it and he knew Hannibal would know that. It was instead avoidance. He didn’t want to discuss it. In the morning he would fetch the rest of his CDs from the car and alphabetise them in alongside Hannibal’s. It didn’t need discussing, it didn’t need analysing. It had been noted and would be acted upon without the need to pull it apart and dig around in the guts of Will’s feelings. On his struggle to accept, and allow himself to fully embrace, the happiness they had found together.

The break in Hannibal’s expression to something altogether softer and more doting, signalled that he too was willing to end the thread of discussion. For Will’s sake. He knew.

“I enjoyed it.” Hannibal smiled gently, his fingers once more teasing at Will’s short locks.

“ELO?”

“Ee-yell-ow?” Hannibal frowned and cocked his head to the side.

Will chuckled and shook his head, “God, you’re strangely adorable sometimes. It’s genuinely like you’ve stepped out of a damn gothic horror or something. E - L - O. Electric Light Orchestra. The band.”

Hannibal made another hum of curiosity as he stroked his hand down the side of Will’s face, mirroring Will’s earlier gesture, as he was one to do. Encouraging Will to continue.

“British rock band from the 70s and 80s, not just rock... they were a rock band and a symphony orchestra. My mom... she had a thing for them, well for the music. She had a couple of songs on mixtape and used to blast them in the car. Said her soul sang with the string accompaniment.” Will frowned and shook his head at the sudden memory. It was so crisp and clear and yet, he was sure he hadn’t recalled it in decades. “I guess I rediscovered them when I was in college.”

“They sound fascinating. An interesting concept.” Hannibal lead him, and he knew it but welcomed it.

Will went to reach for the remote, “I can turn it up if you want to listen to more-”

Hannibal drew him close, away from the remote and back into a deep kiss, his arms wrapped tight around him.

It was a minute of deep, hungry kisses, before Hannibal drew back.

“Tomorrow. For now I’d very much like to relocate to the bedroom. Create some symphonies of our own.”

Will groaned and rolled his eyes, but didn’t resist being guided up from the sofa and towards their homely bedroom.

*

There was a blade of light coming through the slight opening in the curtains. The sort that signalled a crisp, cold day. No clouds, but a sun unable to truly warm in this chilled weather.

The bed was warm, the heat trapped beneath the thick duvet.

Despite Hannibal's absence, Will enjoyed the memory of them trapping the heat there the night before as they rut against each other. Coming almost in synchronisation as their lubed cocks slide against the confines of their skin as they lay pressed together - Hannibal's weight pinning him down.

Will groaned, partly at the memory and his morning wood throbbing, and partly at the pleasure he took in stretching out in the bed and feeling his muscles flex and relax.

It was a good and satisfying ache that he hoped to revive over the course of the day.

After breakfast.

Will slipped from under the covers and pulled on the flannel pyjama bottoms and thick knit sweater on the chair next to the bed. It warmed quickly against his skin as he made his way to the kitchen.

The warmth of the hob was already heating the cabin as the bacon and eggs cooking on it filled the air with a smell that made Will's stomach growl. It was the sound of it that made Hannibal turn and smile at him from where he stood at the stove.

"Can I help?" Will asked, not wanting to be in the way, but hating to presume Hannibal didn't at the least want his company.

"Of course," Hannibal stepped back, one hand still on the pan but handing the spatula to Will as he let him move in front of him. Once Will was stood in front of the pan, poking at the bacon, Hannibal crowded back around him, nuzzling into the back of his neck as they cooked together.

Hannibal began to hum quietly against Will's skin, making him shiver as he tried to turn the bacon.

He was concentrating so hard on not getting distracted and over cooking the eggs, that it took him a moment to place the tune.

Will stilled, Hannibal continuing to hum for a moment longer before he stopped, moving back very slightly and moving the pan from the hob.

"Is something wrong Will?"

"Hannibal..." Will ground out his name and shook his head. "You absolute fuck." The words started harsh but ended in a chuckle.

He looked over his shoulder to see Hannibal smirking at him. "Prog-rock did not entirely pass me by, Will. Contrary to popular belief, I am no more a pompous prig from the eighteenth century, than you are a country bumpkin with a penchant for stealing dogs."

“Rescuing,” Will corrected, unable to stop grinning.

“Semantics.” Hannibal responded, turning Will back to the hob and putting the pan back on the ring. “Concentrate on breakfast.” Once the spatula was back in the pan, he snuggled in close to Will again, resuming his humming against Will’s skin.

Will found himself poking the eggs to the same beat as Mr Blue Sky.

End Notes

If you don't know ELO, the songs I've referenced in this fic are Rockaria and Mr Blue Sky, get yourself to google!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!